

GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING

- 1 The Frog in the cock'd Hat.
- 2 A Sailor's Delight.
- 3 A Bull in a China Shop.
- 4 Widow Walmfley's Shiners.



M. Angus and Son, Printers, Newcastle.

The Frog in the cock'd Hat.

Sung by Mr. LISTON at Covent Garden.

A frog he would a wooing go,
 Heigho, said Rowly,
 Whether his mother would let him or no,
 With a rowly powly,
 Gammon and spinnage,
 O heigh, said Anthony Rowly.

Off he set with his oprea hat,
 Heigho, said Rowly,
 On the road he met with a rat,
 With a rowly powly, &c,

They soon arriv'd at mouse's hall,
 Heigho, said Rowly,
 They gave a loud tap, and they gave a loud
 call
 With a rowly powly, &c.

Pray, Mrs. Mouse are you within?
 Heigho, said Rowly;
 Yes, kind Sirs, I'm sitting to spin,
 With a rowly powly, &c,

Come, Mrs Mouse give us some beer,

Heigho, said Rowly;

That froggy and I may have some cheer,

With a rowly powly, &c.

Pray, Mr Frog; will you give us a song?

Heigho, said Rowly,

Let the subject be something that's not very
long,

With a rowly powly, &c.

Indeed Mrs Mouse, replied the frog,

Heigho, said Rowly,

A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog,

With a rowly powly, &c.

Since you have caught cold, Mr Frog, Mousy

said,

Heigho, said Rowly,

I'll sing you a song that I have just made,

With a rowly powly, &c.

As they were in glee, and merry making,

Heigho, said Rowly,

A cat and her kittens came tumbling in,

With a rowly powly, &c.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,

Heigho, said Rowly,

The kittens they pulled the little mouse down
With a rowly powly, &c.

This put Mr Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, said Rowly,
He took up his hat, and wish'd 'em good night
With a rowly powly, &c.

As froggy was crossing it over a brook.
Heigho, said Rowly,
A lilly white duck came and gobbled him up
With a rowly powly, &c.

So here is an end to one, two, and three,
Heigho, said Rowly,
The rat, the mouse, and little froggy,
With a rowly powly, &c.

A SAILOR'S DELIGHT.

Sung by Mr ROSE at Afley's.

TWAS at Portsmouth I first saw my Nancy
Her dad kept the sign of the ship,
When finding she suited my fancy,
I soon set love's anchor a trip;
So I lay-to, and bail'd her one morning,
On courtship, dy'e mind me agog;
And sailor like, flattery scorning,
Talk'd of love as she serv'd out the grog.

For a sailor's delight, boys, at home or at sea,
Is, whatever foul weather may pass, [see,
A snug man of war and good sea room, dy'e
His country, his king, and his lass.

Yeo ho,

His country, &c.

Three more sail were in chace of my frigate;
A French valet, Dutch skipper, and Don,
Oh, said I, boys, I'll soon make you jig it
Or my name, d'ye mind me, aa't John.
So no sooner Monsieur tipt his lingo

Than this fist, damme, fatted his jaw,
Then I captiz'd the Don, firs, by jingo;
And the Dutchman learnt how to forestaw
But a sailor, &c.

But avast now, in Brazil I'm landed,
Of the past 'tis a folly to prate;
Where, although I was very near stranded.

I had near got a copper-skin'd mate;
But this vessel belongs to my Nancy,
For her sake I'll go look for a prize,

Though no diamond can shine to my fancy
Half so bright, d'ye mind, as her eyes.

Thus true to the compass, at home or at sea,
Let whatever foul weather may pass,

A sailor's sheet anchor is still dy'e see,
His country, his king, and his lass;

A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.

*Sung by Mr GRIMALDI, in Harlequin Highflyer, at
Sadler's Wells.*

YOU'VE heard of a frog in an opera hat,
'Tis a very old tale of a mouse and a rat,
I could sing you another as pleasant mayhap,
Of a kitten that wore a fine high-caul'd cap;
But my muse on a far nobler subject shall drop,
A bull got into a china shop,
With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Patrick's day in the morning.

He popp'd in by chance at the china-shop door,
Where they very soon found the bull was a bore;
The shopman to drive him out, tried with much care,
The floor being cover'd with crockery ware;
And among it, resenting the shopman's taunt,
The bull began dancing the cow's carrant
With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Patrick's day in the morning.

Whate'er with his feet he couldn't assail,
He made ducks and drakes with his horns and his tail
So frisky he was, with his downs and ups,
Each tea-service prov'd he was quite in his cups:
He play'd mag's diversion among all the crates;
He splinter'd the dishes and crack'd all the plates.
With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
Patrick's day in the morning.

The china-shop master, a little fat man,
 Popp'd in, and the bull at him furiously ran;
 Caught him by the waistband, without more ado,
 And toss'd him compleately the shop-window thro';
 The poor little fat man flew up like a dart,
 And down he came plump in a scavengers cart.
 With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
 Patrick's day in the morning.

The poor china-seller retriev'd this affray,
 But his neighbours laugh at him to this very day:
 He has a nick-name, for derision a mark,
 For they, one and all, call him the little mud-lark;
 While the joke he enjoys, grateful for the relief;
 But from that to this he can't stomach bull-beef,
 With his right leg, left leg, upper leg, under leg,
 Patrick's day in the morning.

WIDOW WALMSLEY'S SHINERS.

WIDOW Walmsley, scarce her husband cold,
 A little worn, and rather old,
 But rolling in her deary's gold,
 Was open to designers.
 The first week, like th' Ephesian dame,
 She sunk in grief—the next the same;
 The third a troop of lovers came
 To touch Widow Walmsley's shiners.

The neighbouring squire chas'd her in view,
 Whose fortune out at elbows grew;
 And Irish golmen not a few,
 All sapp'd the fort like miners:

They og'l'd, blarney'd, sung, and dress'd ;
 She swallow'd every fullsome jest,
 Till 'twas a bet who flatter'd best,
 Would touch Widow Walmsley's shiners,
 A painter knew what to be at ;
 He drew her squirrel and Tom eat ;
 A Cupid made her ugly brat ;
 An adept 'mongst designers ;
 Gave to each wrinkle in her face,
 A softness, symmetry and grace ;
 Turn'd rough to smooth at every trace,
 To touch Widow Walmsley's shiners.
 Vermillion grac'd her fallow cheek ;
 On the canvas, lovely, fair, and sleek,
 A living Venus seem'd to speak ;
 Till this patern of designers,
 When he had won the jolly dame,
 Like hook-nose Caesar came, great in fame,
 With his *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, came,
 And touch'd Widow Walmsley's shiners.

FINIS.